

*EUropa!*

Her tongue,  
trills

through faraway lands.

Parties of sound  
spray.

Fun.

Such fun!

And her crisscrossing crown

of

Christmas lights,  
cinnamon

and  
silly putty.

But her voice...

Squeaky hinges  
at heaven's gate.

(ever so pearl on pearl)

Cuddly, yet

biting.

Like icy rains  
of Denmark...

or blades  
of skates

on the heart.